

## WILES OF WOMEN

"TALK about women! Why, girls, they don't compare with men when a man once gets started down the wily path." And Marian started herself at the table with a flourish that told of something up her sleeve out of the usual. Then she turned to Mollie with:

"You remember, don't you, darling, that delightful man you introduced to Dick and me several months ago, who said he was in the business of manufacturing the best gun in the world? Well! Dick did some little thing for him—nothing particular difficult—I think it was getting somebody transferred from one army post to another—but the man was so grateful he couldn't get over it! You would have thought Dick had made the soldier a general or something. In his gratitude he felt he must do something for Dick. He, it seems, was mighty lucky in playing the market, and always being approached for advice, or tips, but he would say to Dick, 'Bad business, bad business,' meaning that he could not tell any more than anyone else that it was only luck with a little common sense and knowledge of value—knowledge of what stocks ought to do. Yet, somehow, the stocks he went into himself always went up.

"To make a long story short, one day he said to Dick: 'I'll tell you what to do, where there's little risk; if you really want to take a chance, I will let you into a pool, and you can sit back with the rest of us and wait for the turn it takes. And Dick—my sensible, cautious Dick—actually drew a cheque for over \$4,000, and knew, because of his real knowledge of the man's successes, that the four thousand would be increased into five times that much at least. And do you know the stock began to go up and up, until Dick thought there was quite enough profit and said so to your delightful man!

"'Stuff and nonsense,' said Mr. Man; 'that stock has only just begun to soar! The members of the pool have decided to wait for another ten points. Don't you be foolish; you stay in and wait with us! Sure enough, the stock kept on going up, and was actually up over twenty points from where Dick bought. The 'delightful man,' when Dick drew his cheque to go into the pool, had insisted on giving Dick his personal note for the money, because, as he said, Dick did not know him so very well. Dick said no, that was not necessary—that he was willing to take the chance with the rest; but nothing doing! Dick must accept. When Dick told me, a fleeting thought went through my head that the man was making an unnecessary spectacle of honesty; but it seemed to clinch Dick's faith in him.

"You all know how suddenly Dick was ordered overseas, and that he left a lot of things for me to attend to. Among the rest was the closing out of the deal that held this little nest-egg—which he gave to me and told me to get and to deposit it at our bank, etc. He gave me the note and

the canceled cheque, and told me how to write the letter of instruction to Mr. Man to close his part of the transaction, and the man's address. I wrote the letter and waited for my little fortune to come by return mail in a fat cheque. Well, girls, I am still waiting! I got no answer. I took the canceled cheque and the note and the other papers he gave Dick and went to my lawyer, and he went on a hunt for the man. The man had disappeared, and Mollie, darling, it looks as if all those dinners and luncheons he gave Dick were on Dick's own money; that he never invested it at all; just put the roll in his pocket! Can you beat that?"

"Why, yes," said "Mollie darling," "I can beat it with another story of the wiles of men. Do you remember that little foreigner—a Russian of such beautiful manners, who spoke several languages perfectly and English as well as the rest—that our American Princess So-and-So introduced us to? A few weeks ago Prince and Madame la Princess gave a card party at their hotel to some intimate friends, and the stakes began to run high—you know what inveterate, natural gamblers Russians are!—and the little man of the polished manners said to the Princess: 'The game is a bit steep for me. I never allow myself the pleasure if it is more than I can afford. As I am the loser I can gracefully withdraw, and also as I have a most important engagement that I have been neglecting.'

"They said they would change the game, but he really had to go. In settling he had not enough American money. So he said to the Prince: 'If you don't mind, I will give you a larger cheque on my bank in London, and you can endorse it for me at the desk, where they don't know me well enough to hand out a hundred pounds.' The Prince said, Sure, Mike, or certainly, or something like, and the man got his five hundred dollars—our money—paid his card debt to the host. Of course you can guess the rest. Yesterday that cheque and another one that the Prince endorsed afterward came back to the hotel from London marked 'no funds,' and the information that the polished little Russian is very much wanted by this particular bank; that he had got several English and Americans into some deal that had a hole in the bottom just before he sailed away. He, too, has disappeared."

"These tricks of men are as old as the hills," said Marian; "the only new phase of it is the men of good position socially who are taking up the game. In almost every instance it is women who are their victims. But the smooth talker can rope other men in, too, because money is flying about for the making and does not seem to have the protection it did have. I sure do hate to write to Dick about the fizzle in his investment—and the loss of his \$4,000—but do you know what Dick will say? This: 'Hold on to the note—the man will make good some time!' And just because of Dick's good faith in people they do make good. Say, girls, it seems restful to have a story or two about the

wiles of men and not of women, eh? Walter, bring five of those pretty-little-war-time-harmless cocktails."—The Annalist.

## SOME WEEK

WHOOPSY! Whoopsy! Whoopsy!! Old Hindenburg is in the soup!! He had to quit! Ah! Zee grand coup!!

Ohhh Boy!!!

When Hindy struck out at the bat The Kaiser said, "Your head is fat." Said Hindenburg, "I quit for that."

Ohhh Boy!!!

It must have given Fritz a pain The way we tackled St. Gobain. And now it's ours—another gain! Ohhh Boy!!!

I don't know how they say "Grand Pre"

Nor what it is; but this I see, The darned thing now belongs to we. Ohhh Boy!!!

Chemin des Dames sounds very much Like ladies' underwear, and such. Of course we took it from the Dutch! Ohhh Boy!!!

We took the famous town of Lens, And now we're after Valenciennes Where lace is made for girls—and hens. Ohhh Boy!!!

Thanksgiving time is drawing near, But Germany is feeling drear— No Turkey will she have this year. Ohhh Boy!!!

"Oh, Allah, Help me!" Turkey cries; But even Allah, I surmise Is on the side of the Allies. Ohhh Boy!!!

Just look what Allenby has done— What Turks are left are on the run. The fight with Turkey's nearly won. Ohhh Boy!!!

And Austro-Hungary is just About to blow right up and bust! Her trusty sword's begun to rust. Ohhh Boy!!!

Said Kaiser Bill to Prince Max, "Suppose you drop a note and ax Friend Wilson if he'll stop attacks." Ohhh Boy!!!

"We're in poor shape; our line is bent; Our valiant troops are badly spent; Let's get him in an argument." Ohhh Boy!!!

But Wilson is too smart a man To fall for such a cultured plan. He'll finish what those boys began. Ohhh Boy!!!

They'll never catch him in a nap. Now that we've got them in a trap He'll back the Kaiser off the map! Ohhh Boy!!!

The least we folks at home can do Just now, is buy a bond or two. Come on, it's up to me and you. Ohhh Boy!!! By W. M. Bayliss, in Bridgeport Life.

## THE TRUE CHIVALRY

The question is not whether the world is growing better or worse, but what is there, after all, that is generous, brave, and hopeful in our time, that may inspire with its own spirit, and induce us to work for results that shall be more generous and brave and hopeful? . . . I am sure we can make a much better use of this fruitful world than merely to pick out occasions for whining and scolding. If we are disposed to take up the profession of croaker, we had better go down into a well and do the thing appropriately. But even then we cannot shut our eyes to the serene top-light, the beneficent arch of heaven, the quiet proclamations from day to day and night to night of God's steadfast laws, of His vast plan that wraps us round and carries us along.

In this age there is all that was best in the age of chivalry. Here is the spirit of generous sentiment, the spirit of noble performance, here is the manifestation of a love that goes out beyond self, of a faith that, looking beyond estimates, fastens on the permanent, and a heroism that bravely tries to do whatever should be done. . . . And so, whenever genuine chivalry flashes out, it is always recognized, and responsive sympathy proves it to be the deepest movement of the day and time. This sympathy for that which is right and good runs through every age. King Henry's "Follow my white plume!" Sidney's draught to the soldier, Nelson's battle signal at Trafalgar, Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!"—all such things as these touch upon chords that will vibrate while the world lasts. The world's heart throbs at the memory of Humboldt, while hardly a pulse quickens at the name of Metternich.—Edwin H. Chapin.

"I want to have a tooth drawn," announced the small boy with the steel-gray eye, "and I want gas." "You're too young to have gas, my little man," said the dentist. "Besides, I'm sure you aren't afraid of being hurt. Sit still and be a man." "It isn't that at all," said the boy, "but I'm afraid I shall not be able to help giving a bit of a squeal when it comes out." "Well, that won't matter at all," said the dentist. "I'm sure I shall not mind." "No, but I shall. Look out of that window." The dentist looked and saw a lot of grinning lads standing under the window. "They're all the kids I've fought and licked," said the customer, "and they've come to hear me holler."

That it is not always wise to tell all you know was found out by one ambitious stone cutter whose experience eclipses all the stories told of the blunderings in a printing office. The workman had been instructed to carve over the door of the new church the scriptural passage, "My house shall be called the house of prayer." For sake of accuracy the stone cutter was referred to the Bible, Matthew xxi. 13. He cut, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"